

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908

No. 32

NOTE AND COMMENT

Premier Scott of Saskatchewan has stirred up the dog-days by dissolving the Legislature of that province and issuing writs for an election on August 14th. It is just a trifle over two years and a-half since the last polling took place and the ministry will be called upon to defend what looks like a premature and unnecessarily sudden appeal. The despatch announcing the dissolution states that the government considered that with the large amount of important legislation that is to be undertaken next session, notably the municipal act, it was advisable to have all parts of the province adequately represented. This was provided by the Redistribution Act, passed at the recent sitting of the House, by which the number of seats is increased to forty one. Mr Haultain, the leader of the Opposition, expressed his satisfaction with the re-arrangement. With the rapid growth of population in different sections of the country, it became inevitable. Forty-one seems a large number of members for a young province, but when the work that devolves upon them is considered, much of which is discharged by county councillors in Eastern Canada, and the large stretches of territory that they have to keep their eyes on, it becomes apparent that they are none too numerous. That a similar act will be passed for Alberta next session may be taken for granted.

As to the date of the Saskatchewan election, it was probably the only period of the year available, if a fourth session was not to be held. November is the ideal month for a contest, but it is generally understood that this has been pre-empted for Dominion purposes, while an election in a winter month is full of danger and hardship. It is calculated that August 14th will come just before the commencement of harvesting operations, but if the present weather continues, polling day is likely to find them in full swing, which will be very awkward. The ordinary farmer will be apt to argue that he can do the province more good by getting in his crop than by going out and exercising his franchise.

The longest parliamentary session in the history of the Dominion, lasting 284 days, has come to an end. It is uncertain whether or not there is to be another before an appeal is made to the country. This is a matter on which it is commonly understood, the Premier takes little counsel even with his most intimate colleagues. He is to make a trip through Ontario and Western Canada this summer and probably by the time he returns to Ottawa, he will feel in a position to make up his mind. That he will receive a warm welcome in the west and that his visit will have a far-reaching effect on the impending contest goes without saying. Nothing has been said about his colleagues on this tour. The Saturday News ventures to express the hope that Hon. Mr. Fielding will be included. The Minister of Finance is not known through the country as well as the chief lieutenant of the Premier should be. When the history of this administration comes to be written, we venture to say that it will appear that Mr. Fielding has had almost as much to do with keeping it in the path which makes for real political success as Sir Wilfrid himself.

In the closing days of the session, Liberal members occupied themselves with calculating how much the long-drawn-out oratory of some of the leaders on the other side of the House had cost the country while the latter in their turn prepared long arrays of statistics showing how public expenditure had crept up

THE EDMONTON POLICE FORCE



F. J. Charles, A. H. Elliott, D. George, H. Steele, A. M. Haig, G. H. Reeve, W. R. Howey, R. Campbell, Det. Sergt. Griffith, Det. J. C. Ware, D. McRae, J. W. Derby, E. Seymour, Sergt. D. Tidsbury, Major Beale, Sergt. T. M. McCallum

under Liberal rule. That there has been a most inexcusable waste of time and money as a result of the verbosity of certain members, no one who takes the trouble to glance through Hansard occasionally can for a moment deny. It is not too much to say that not one hundredth of the matter that appears in that record adds in any degree to public knowledge of the questions under discussion or leads to a more intelligent judgment on the part of the people's representatives in the first place or of the people themselves ultimately.

The Camrose Mail the other day complained that though it subscribed to a press clipping bureau it could find little or no trace of anything that Dr. McIntyre, the member for Strathcona, had been saying at Ottawa. This remark illustrates a feeling that is altogether too prevalent for the public good. A great many undoubtedly judge of the usefulness of their representative by the amount of talking he does, and it is because of this weakness that so many utterly useless speeches are made in the House merely in order that they should be printed at the public expense and distributed by means of the speaker's frank to his constituents, who may by this means learn what a great man they have as their member at Ottawa. Dr. McIntyre, as a matter of fact, has not been an altogether silent member, a mere voting machine, but when he had anything to say it was something that was worth listening to. If for nothing else than his success in bringing about the reduction in the passenger railway rate on the lines in this part of the country to three cents and for his spirited defence of the West just the other day against the criticisms of Prof. Robertson, he deserves well of his constituents. They should be more impressed by services of this kind than by speeches covering fifty or sixty pages of Hansard on subjects that have already been thoroughly covered by others.

Hon. Mr. Foster marshalled a long array of figures to show that the increase of expenditure since 1896 was on an altogether unjustifiable scale. While his statistics are not altogether reliable, the figures in connection with the railway outlay showing unmistakable evidence of padding, the feeling is very general that the Government has gone at a pace that is out of keeping with the actual development of the country. The following paragraph in the Toronto Weekly Sun should cause some hard thinking.

"Careful attention," says the Sun, "should be given to our Ottawa letter dealing with the partial failure of the Dominion loan recently floated in London. The Government, as stated in that letter, recently offered securities aggregating \$25,000,000, drawing 3 3/4 per

cent and yet less than half the amount has been taken up by investors. In 1897 the Government floated a loan of close on \$10,000,000, bearing 1-1/2 per cent, which sold at over 91 1/2, thus making the actual rate of interest 2.86. Today, a somewhat larger loan, carrying nearly one per cent, more of an interest charge, is largely left in the hands of the underwriters. "Why the difference in the two cases? It is partly accounted for by the present condition of the money market. The main reason is found in the enormous increase in the scale of national expenditure which has since taken place and in the wild talk of stupendous additions for the purpose of carrying through gigantic canal schemes and a railway to Hudson Bay. "What the situation demands is that the country should be given time to adjust itself to the burdens already imposed before fresh loans are piled on."

We have been told over and over again that the economical government is never a popular government and that the people's judgment in supporting the administration which stimulates national growth by a liberal expenditure of the public funds is sound. If they all realized how this money is raised their opinion might be different. Herein lies the great evil of indirect taxation. Because a tax collector does not come around and force a man to dig down into his own pockets for the support of the Government at Ottawa, he has an idea that the latter gets its funds from some other fellow or group of fellows and that it makes no difference to him how much it spends. If it spends something on what benefits him directly, he counts that he is just so much in. It is a vastly different matter with municipal affairs. There he pays in his money directly and no one who has had anything to do with civic politics needs to be told how he watches the dollars and cents as the councilors vote them away or what a strenuous objection he raises when the tax rate goes up half a mill.

Another politician who will visit the West this summer is Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P. of Montreal, whose meetings will be looked forward to with great interest, inasmuch as he represents a new type in our public life. He is a man of means, who, after serving in the city council as a reform alderman with considerable distinction, became desirous of securing a place for himself on a larger stage. He brought to his election campaign the same thoroughness that had brought him success in his business. He had the electors of the Montreal division that he was contesting each looked after as carefully as if they were valued customers of his firm. His expenses, none of which were ever shown to be otherwise than legitimate, reached an extraordinarily large figure, and though the Liberal tide was running very strongly in that

part of the country he was elected by a good majority. Since entering parliament, he has shown rare industry and perseverance and is undoubtedly one of the most useful men on the Opposition side.

The fact that Lloyds are writing policies against the election of Bryan as President will have considerable effect in preventing that result. We imagine that most people are anxious for a return to settled business conditions and that they will not want to help in returning a man, whose record is not one which inspires commercial confidence.

The ancient city of Quebec is at the time of writing the centre of interest for the whole world. It is seeing the greatest gathering of notabilities in the history of the Dominion. An event which brings together the heir to the throne, the Vice-President of the United States, the most distinguished of living soldiers, as well as many others with great careers behind them, is surely of much significance from a national standpoint. That word "national" has appeared very frequently on this page in reference to Canadian affairs, but the bulk of our newspapers and public men seem to be afraid of it. It was therefore with a good deal of satisfaction that we came across an article in the London Chronicle written by Sir Gilbert Parker in connection with the Tercentenary, in which he strongly advises the use of the word. "It does not imply," he says, "a separate or a dissoluble relation. It is the only word which expresses maturity, growth, the power on the part of this Imperial 'Jeune Premier' to live and act and earn her national way."

It is about time that we began both to think and to speak of ourselves as a nation. No love of the Imperial connection should blind us to the fact that our patriotism has up to the present been too exclusively imperial in its character. The 24th of May has always overshadowed the First of July. It has hindered the growth of a Canadian unity, something which we believe should be encouraged above everything else. In the past this movement has signified almost exclusively the bringing about of a better understanding between our English-speaking and our French-speaking citizens. But the problem is a larger one now. We have in quite recent years been drawing from all parts of the earth and the necessity is accordingly increased of appealing to a real Canadian sentiment. The colonial attitude must be abandoned and the national assumed. This celebration at Quebec goes back to the earliest days of our history, back to events in which any citizen of Canada, no matter what race he has sprung from, may contemplate

with pride and thankfulness. It is strictly a Canadian affair and we trust that it will be the forerunner of others of a similar character, which will have the effect of bringing about a complete change in our ideas of what constitutes patriotic spirit. Earl Grey has accomplished a great national work in bringing this tercentenary celebration to so successful an issue. It should mark a turning point in our history.

How long do dreams last? A German savant is investigating the matter. A writer in the London Chronicle says: "The dream comes in the few seconds before the awakening, and has no relation to time or space. This is clear enough to the man who has been placed under an anesthetic for a short while and found time and space eliminated. As an experiment this writer was placed under a whiff of chloroform by a doctor. Absolute unconsciousness supervened. Then a return of consciousness, the questions of the universe; up through layers of consciousness, with always the feeling, 'Now I have solved it'—and the 'no' and the 'yes' alternating through the centres of thought. And then the quizzical face of the doctor—remembered after a million years. . . . 'How long have I been under.' The experimenter struggled up, and saw the doctor with his watch in hand. 'Ten seconds,' the doctor said. And the dreamer had been outside time for a time that has no measure."

When the immortal wrote "we are such stuff as dreams are made of" he compared us to the most mysterious phenomena in the range of our actual experience. The following story told by a correspondent some months ago, is worth repeating in connection with what the German scientist has to say: "About a year ago, and close to midnight," wrote this gentleman, "I was reading in bed, with an electric light hanging close to my pillow not more than a foot from my face. I fell asleep and the book fell to the floor. In about an hour I had an alarming dream. I heard a busy burglar slowly mount up the stair case. Then he entered my room. Then, standing at the foot of the bed, he demanded my purse. When I refused to sell out, he urged compliance or he would shoot me. I still refused and he blazed away, but shot as king, all over my face and eyes. I awoke, very doubtful in what world I was. The room was very dark and collecting my wits, I put out my hand to turn on the light and deal with my friend—the enemy. My heart was in my mouth and the sound of his pistol still rang in my ears. I supposed him to be close to me as I groped for the switch. Even when I found there was no bulb, the truth did not at once dawn upon me. But by the little points of glass sticking all over my face, the fact was eventually borne in on my mind that the bulb had exploded and that all else had been a dream. Perhaps it would be impossible to imagine a more perfect illustration of the well

known velocity of dreams. The fitting of the explosion to quite a clear and protracted series of events had been necessarily instantaneous."

In another part of this issue is published the crop estimate of the Alberta department of agriculture. One may well grow enthusiastic as he reads it. It indicates that the yield in the province will be double that of last year. The progress which the crop has made since the first of July has exceeded all anticipations. Conditions have been perfect and there is hardly any doubt that the west is to have by all odds the best year in its history. The cutting of fall wheat commenced on a farm near Lethbridge on Thursday of this week and with the continuance of the present weather, by the middle of August harvesting operations will be general.

A most interesting development is said to be in prospect. Second Vice-President Whyte of the C.P.R. visited the G.T.P. bridge at Clover Bar this week, with the idea, it is understood, of investigating the feasibility of bringing the C.P.R. into Edmonton by that route instead of by the high level bridge from Strathcona. There have been so many contrary reports regarding the C.P.R. entrance and so many positive assertions as to that railway's plans, that have not been borne out by events, that one hesitates to credit the news of any fresh move. But the delay in starting operations on the high level structure and in securing a definite understanding with the city, has made people suspect that possibly the project of bringing about direct communication with Strathcona may not go through in the immediate future.

At first glance, it would appear as if an entrance by Clover Bar would be a round-about one. But just as soon as the contemplated line from Camrose or some other point between Wetaskiwin and the Battle River were built, it would not be. It would add a few miles to the trip from Calgary but the inconvenience of this would not be appreciable.

For one reason, the people of Edmonton would welcome the change. It would mean that all the railways would enter the city from one direction and that the cutting up of the streets that would be involved in the plans on which the C.P.R. has hitherto been working, would be avoided. On the other hand it would mean a delay of a good many years in opening up of high level communication between Edmonton and Strathcona. The need for this, however, would be largely minimized by the construction of an electric railway between the two cities.

There is reason to believe we shall have at no distant date, Mayor McDougall has this week announced a plan by which Edmonton should proceed with the work of completing its own street railway and then come to an arrangement with the Strathcona Radial Tramway Company by which that body shall construct a line through Strathcona to the University site, the operation of which the city of Edmonton will undertake in connection with its own line. The company is said to be willing to enter into such an arrangement and if it does so, it is possible that interurban communication may be had before winter. Already two miles of track have been laid in Edmonton. The city has now on hand the rails and other supplies for a considerable extension of this to the west and the north, so that the additional outlay that will have to be made is not very great.

The Saturday News believes that the proposition would prove an excellent one. It has from the first been opposed to disposing of the franchise, which it believes will prove in a short while an immensely valuable one. No arrangement can (Continued on page 5)

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SATURDAY, JULY 25



Blue books don't as a rule make
very interesting reading but this
seasonal paper No. 7 just issued from
Ottawa, repays one for glancing
over. We hear a lot about the
financial stringency but here we
have a volume of seven hundred
pages printed, pages giving names
of people who have balances at the
bank that they have evidently got
totten all about. Among the last
known addresses of the depositors
are to be found the names of every
town and city in the country of any
consequence. The name of Edmonton
appears very frequently in the list of
the oldest established. Edmonton
bank, the Imperial. Some deposits
go way back into the early years of
last century.

For seventy-eight years, for in-
stance, the Bank of Montreal has
held \$5.05 for Mr. William Hodge,
of Montreal, the balance of his ac-
count. Granting that Mr. Hodge
opened his account as soon as he
attained his majority and made his
last entry directly afterwards, he
would now be ninety-nine years of
age. The probabilities therefore
seem to be, as the Vancouver World
observes, that he has completely
forgotten his nest-egg or that it has
no longer any interest for him
whatever. If R. P. Palmer and J. B.
Patterson, of Hamilton, had some
little difficulty in discounting their
paper away back in the early eighties,
they could have not hit upon more
ingenious scheme of giving the
Bank of Hamilton the maximum of
trouble at the minimum of expense
than taking the course they saw fit
to adopt for whatever reason that
of leaving one cent each in their
respective accounts. For twenty-five
years clerks making up to balance
sheets have repeated these infinitely
small credits and as things now stand
are likely to go on repeating them
for generations.

Nor are all the amounts trifling.
It would be a good thing if Agnes
S. McIntosh, of Kingston, Jamaica,
or her representatives, knew that
two drafts amounting to \$1200 held
by the Bank of British North America
in his name. "But these items and
others like them," says the World,
"are lost in the desert of trifling
amounts, and the publicity which
the blue book is designed to afford
for the benefit of persons who have
claims of which they are ignorant is
largely smothered. Surely it is not
necessary to keep on announcing
year after year that the Hochelaga
Bank owes Leonard Gabriels seven
cents, and yet unless the good Leon-
ard walks up to the paying teller
and withdraws the entire sum, the
country will continue to spend good
money telling everybody how much
he has in the bank for years to come.
The idea of publishing the unclaimed
balances is a good one, but under
the present system it defeats its own
object. Were a blue book issued
which mentioned, say sums exceeding
twenty-five dollars only, it would be
a very small and handy volume and
news editors who now consider the
game scarcely worth the candle, would
hunt out and publish the more im-
portant amounts and about those
which had local interest. As it is,
the blue book is glanced at and
put on one side, possibly to be

wooded out and sent to the furnace
when the selection of government
publications for the permanent office
library is made. There is, too, the
banks' side of the case. Why should
these institutions be compelled to
carry year after year, until the
total of years exceeds the half-cen-
tury, ridiculously small entries which
in all human probability will never
be cancelled by the withdrawal of
the forgotten cents or dollars? Look-
ing at page after page of amounts
ranging from two or three cents to
seven or eight dollars and dated all
the way down from the forties, one is
forced to the conclusion that the actual
expense of continually transferring them
from ledger to ledger and balance sheet
to balance sheet, has long ago more
than off-set the value."

Any harassed friend of the Lou-
nger's who thinks that some of the
money that he has let slip through his
fingers in years gone by and can't
account for may be mentioned in
this previous volume is welcome
to look over it if he calls round at
the Saturday News office.

The Canadian Magazine has an ar-
ticle on Sir W. C. Vanhorne as a
humorist. That is a role the
doughty knight never appeared in
to the people of the West.

Tit Bits tells us of a lady and gen-
tleman who were travelling together
on an English railway. They were
perfect strangers to each other.
Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to
look out of the window for a few
minutes; I am going to make some
changes in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with
politeness, rising and turning her
back.

In a short time he said: "Now,
madam, my change is completed,
and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld
her male companion transformed
into a dashing lady, with a heavy
veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever
you like," said the lady, "I must
trouble you to look out of the win-
dow, for I have some changes to
make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madam," and the gen-
tleman in lady's attire immediately
complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your
seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming
his seat, the gentleman in female
attire found his lady companion
transformed into a man. He then
laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both an-
xious to avoid recognition. I have
robbed a bank. What have you
done?"

"I," said the whilom lady, as he
dexterously foisted his companion's
wrists, "I am Detective J. K. of
Scotland Yard, and in female ap-
parel have shadowed you. Now,"
drawing a revolver, "keep still."

The story may be all right for Tit
Bits but if Modern Bank robbers
adopt such tactics, no wonder that
the profession has fallen on evil
days.

"One," related the tall tragedian
with the Shakespearean hair, "I was
stranded in the wilds of Georgia
Night came and still I had sighted
no help. Suddenly I found myself
surrounded by a drove of razor-back
hogs. Ah, gentlemen, when morn-
ing came—"

"Hold on," interrupted the fat
comedian, "don't spring any such
yarn at us on this innocent. Razor-
back hogs are known to be ex-
ceedingly vicious, and if you have
been surrounded by a drove of them
you would have never seen morning.
They would have eaten you up
even to the paw ticket for your
watch."

The tall tragedian scratched his
chin in deep meditation.
"No, my lord, you are wrong," he
said finally. "There are exceptions
in all cases. You see, these hap-
pened to be safety razor-back hogs."

The young man carefully removed
the cigars from his vest pocket and
placed them on the piano. Then he
opened his arms. But the girl did
not flutter to them. "You," she
said coldly, "have loved before."

The incumbent of an old church in
Wales asked a party of Americans
to visit his parochial school. After
a recitation he invited them to ques-
tion the scholars, and one of the
party accepted the invitation.
"Little boy," said he to a rosy faced
lad, "can you tell me who George
Washington was?" "Iss surr,"
was the smiling reply. "E was a
Merican genral." "Quite right,"
said the questioner, "and what George
Washington was remarkable for?"
"Iss surr. E was remarkable 'cos
'e was a Merican an' told the
truth." The rest was silence.—
Cassell's Journal.

"Could you give a starving woman
work?"

"Yes; but I must tell you that we
have five children."

"Thanks. I'll keep on starving."

"The papers are afraid to say any-
thing," sneered the first citizen.

"Some people don't feel that way
about it," replied the other. "Ever
run for office?"

"No; but I wrote a letter roast-
ing some fellows that needed roast-
ing, and the paper didn't print it
at all."

line." "Did you sign your name?"
"Certainly not. I've think I'm a
clump."

Colonel Ramsey, of Kentucky,
was desperately wounded at the
battle of Lookout Mountain, and
after the engagement, he asked that
a clergyman be sent for. His
orderly knew the officer's religious
education, and so returned to the
dying man's bedside considerably
embarrassed by the fact that he could
discover no Presbyterian anywhere, and
his own denomination.

"Beg pardon, suh," said the
orderly, saluting, "but I couldn't
find a Presbyterian anywhere, and I
somewhat hesitated 'bout bringin'
the only available man."

"Why so, Tom?" the Colonel de-
manded.

"Cause he was a 'Piscopailan,
suh."

The dying non-vivant smiled
wanly.

"Bring him 'long Tom," he gasped,
"bring him right 'long. He ought
to do pretty smart. It's true I was
bawn an' raised a Presbyterian, but
then, you see, when I come to con-
sider all the things I've done, I'm
afraid I've lived pretty much of an
Episcopailan life."

"In your paper this morning, sir,
you called me a 'hum actor.' I
want an explanation."

"I shall be happy to explain, young
man. That word 'actor' was in-
serted by the proof-reader, who
thought I had omitted accidentally.
I shall take care that it doesn't
happen again."—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONALIA

Hon. A. C. Rutherford, the Lib-
eral Premier of Alberta, is going to
spend a few days in Toronto as the
guest of Hon. J. P. Whitney, the
conservative Premier of Ontario.
They are friends of long acquain-
tance and do not allow their differ-
ences in political belief to affect
their friendship.

That is the right way, says the
Leithbridge Herald. Why should
people break off friendships merely
because they do not agree in politics.
A Presbyterian minister, who
was once a close friend of a Liberal
with an Anglican without rowing over
religious belief and why can't a con-
servative mingle in peace and good
fellowship with a Liberal?

Some men take their politics very
seriously. The story is told that in
an election contest in West Peter-
boro, Ont., many years ago, be-
tween the late John Bertram, Lib-
eral, and the late W. H. Scott, con-
servative, the candidates held joint
meetings and lambasted each other
unmercifully, and had their sup-
porters in lightning mood but after
the meeting was over the pair would
drive home together. The people
could not understand the question
died by one farmer after another.

"Why should Scott and Bertram
be so friendly after a meeting at
which they slayed each other
unmercifully?" was the question
asked by one farmer after another.
And it was a hard problem to solve.
The candidates roused party strife
between the people and yet they
travelled home together.

Bertram and Scott are exceptions
to the rule but the country and the
electors would be better off if all
political candidates did not allow
political considerations to affect
their relations as neighbors and
friends.

A newly appointed official with
whom Westerners will have a good
deal to do is Mr. J. A. Cote, who has
been recently installed in the post of
assistant deputy Minister of the In-
terior. Mr. Cote is a son of the late
Mr. J. O. Cote, Clerk of the Privy
Council of Canada. Born in Quebec
in 1862 Mr. Cote came to Ottawa
with his parents when the seat of
Government was transferred to the
new capital. He began his studies
at the University of Ottawa and
after completing his studies at
Bourget College he began to study
law. In the year 1882, however,
he entered the Department of the
Interior, and has thus been con-
nected with that department for 25
years, the last 19 having been at-
tached to the office of the Deputy
Minister. In 1881 he was appointed
one of the commissioners to deal
with the claims of the half breeds in
connection with the Indian treaty in
the Athabasca district.

That occasion received the formal
thanks of the minister. Some years
ago he was raised to the position of
Chief Clerk, which position he filled
with such satisfaction that when
the growth of the work of the de-
partment necessitated the selection
of an assistant to the deputy he
was naturally chosen for the post.
As a matter of fact, Mr. Cote has
been discharging the duties of As-
sistant Deputy for some considerable
time, although he has only now re-
ceived statutory recognition.

Mr. Cote, who is, as his name im-
plies, a Canadian of French ex-
traction, is an indefatigable worker
and is proficient in both languages.
He is a man of high literary attain-
ments, has contributed on several
occasions to newspapers and peri-
odicals, and is one of the best au-
thorities on the subject of the
growth of the Canadian West, hav-
ing been personally identified with
it all.

July Clearing Sale

AT
J. H. MORRIS & CO. DEPARTMENTAL
STORE
270-276 Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

25 DOZ. MULL WAISTS

embroidered fronts, attached collars, short
sleeves and open in back,

Regular Price \$1.25

JULY SALE 70c. JULY SALE

All summer goods selling at big reductions.

Now is your chance to save money.

MORE THAN ENOUGH

Good Meat here to supply all demands. Not a
pound of low grade kind ever comes into the store.
Don't think however that the meat is high-priced
because of excellent quality. We sell at ordinary
prices, Choice Beef, Veal and Poultry for par-
ticular people.

E. TOMLINSON, 350 JASPER EAST
Phone 80

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Ltd.

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\$1 at
4 p.c.

\$1 will open a savings account with
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interest is allowed, computed and added
to account quarterly, subject to with-
drawal at any time.

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4 p.c.

A. M. STEWART, - Manager Edmonton Branch
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LIMITED

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Paints, Oils, Glass, Powders and Dynamite.

Kitchen Furnishings a Specialty

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FIRST AND RICE STREETS, EDMONTON

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



The great event of the Olympic games, the Marathon, is taking place on the Saturday. News goes to press if Longboat starts, he will be prime favorite. Burn of Calgary, landed only to get in the Old Country, which hardly gives him sufficient time to get into shape. A despatch says the will not start but this is surely a mistake. The race commences from beneath the windows of King Edward's own private apartments in Windsor Castle. This has been arranged at the express wish of His Majesty. Of still greater importance is the fact that the King himself will signify the start of the race. It is small wonder that the event is so eagerly anticipated and the honor of winning so deeply coveted. Among the greatest of living monarchs takes such an active part in its consummation. Leading away from the Windsor Castle to the Stadium, the Marathon track is narrow. On the whole it is winding, but fairly level. Into high street it goes and thence along Windsor road. After passing through a slough, the route winds over a couple of small hills and into a beautifully wooded stretch for about two miles to Exbridge road. This highway is full of twists and sharp turns, but the country is more open.

Near Uxbridge station a sharp turn takes the runners into Park road, where there are three hills, not over steep, and after them the London Side Hill, which is the longest and steepest of the whole course.

After passing this, the road becomes quite narrow and no more than ten miles men can run abreast. On Eastcote road, at about the thirtieth mile, the road broadens, but still contains some sharp turns. The Black Horse public house is passed at the twelfth mile, and then the runners are on Cheney street. The Metropolitan Railway is crossed for the second time near the tenth mile post. Then Pinner road, Lowlands road, Tyburn lane and Sheeppore road take the contestants past the well-known Harrow hill. Sheeppore road leads to Wembly, where the course is narrow and crooked. On Harrow road, which is next, there may be considerable traffic to be dodged by the runners unless the way is cleared for them. Twenty-two miles of the course are now past. Two more along Old Common and the Stadium will be plainly in view to cheer the tried runners forward. The Great Western Railway is crossed next, after which the road runs only one bend to the Stadium. One lap of the running track before the assembled thousands and the great event will be over. Then the laurels and world wide fame.

Robert S. Sievier was refused bail when the hearing of the charge of blackmail brought against him by J. B. Joel was brought up at Bow street in old London. "Bob" Sievier, as he is familiarly known to the sporting public, has enjoyed a life crammed full of adventure and exciting ups and downs all over the world. He has made and lost fortunes, and been by turn mounted policeman, soldier, author and actor, bookmaker and backer in Australia, racehorse owner and sporting journalist. On the turf he has had a meteoric career, he is famous as having once owned Spectre, the great filly, for which he paid £10,000, at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's stud. Mr. Sievier in 1904 brought an action for libel against Sir James Duke, who had objected to his membership of the Raleigh club. A verdict was returned for Sir James Duke after a scathing summing up by Mr. Justice Grantham. After this Mr. Sievier was "warned off" the turf, but recently the stewards of the Jockey club reinstated him. Mr. Sievier married Lady Mabel Bruce, a sister of the last Marquis of Ailesbury.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, in opening the new club house which has been erected on the Folkestone Golf links, said he knew nothing which added to his satisfaction at the seaside place so much as the fact that he could have a good game of golf whenever he desired it, and plenty of good fellows to play with. He could not believe that it was only to those ladies who played, and for the peace of mind of those ladies who did not play, and who never knew what to do with their husbands before the game was invented. If to those three classes he added the younger generation, who were going to be the golfing champions of the future, he thought he had made an adequate survey of the whole golf community. Mr. Balfour and Sir Ed-

ward Sassoon afterwards played a foursome over the course, the former having Southon, the Folkestone professional, for a partner, and the latter, Bernard Nicholls.

The shooting at the Alberta Rifle Association's three days meet in Calgary last week resulted in the choice of the following as the province's representatives at Ottawa, in order of choice: W. Clarke, Calgary; J. Carmichael, Strathcona; B. W. Fox, Calgary; Res Young, Elbow River Rifle Club, Calgary; E. G. May, Elbow club; W. J. Young, Elbow club; G. A. Reed, Edmonton; M. J. Macdonald, Edmonton; Constable R. Tait, R.N.W.M.P. Calgary and R. H. Oliver, Little Red Deer. The first waiting man or spare is Sergt. Brankley, R.N.W.M.P. Calgary.

The prizes won were as follows: Jackson Trophy: W. Pierce, Edmonton.

Walker Trophy: I. S. Freeze team. Fifth Regiment Cup, Medicine Hat team composed of J. Plumbly, J. Peard, J. Conn, R. D. Leigh.

Brewery Trophy: Elbow River team composed of W. J. Young, R. G. May, H. Young, C. Young.

Rovers Cup: Medicine Hat team, composed of J. Peard, J. Plumbly, R. D. Leigh.

Rutherford Challenge Trophy: Staff Sergt. Brankley, R.N.W.M.P., Calgary.

Scallop Extra Series: R. W. Fox, Calgary.

Martin Extra Series: Constable R. Tait, R.N.W.M.P., Calgary.

Golden West 900 yards extra series: R. W. Chamberlain, Calgary.

Linton and Hall 900 yards extra series: W. Clarke, Edmonton.

Black 1,000 yards series: R. Young, Elbow River Rifle Club, Calgary.

Edmonton defeated Fort Saskatchewan in a provincial football match on Friday last by 2-0. Each club has now a win to its credit.

Two teams of Edmonton cricketers, captained by Bertenshaw and Lucas, played a match at Uxbridge last week, where there were three hills, not over steep, and after them the London Side Hill, which is the longest and steepest of the whole course.

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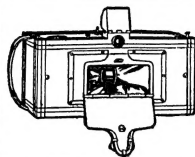
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'A vacation will not be nearly so enjoyable without an Eastman Kodak. The cost is only a trifle and it will surprise you what successful results you will have.

'Our stock is a complete one. Let us show you how easy it is to manipulate a kodak or camera.

Geo. H. Graydon, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST King Edward Pharmacy

PHONE 1411

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In this he is supposed to have an excellent chance. In the 100 metre final he was 3rd to Walker of South Africa and Rector of Virginia. In the five mile final Fitzgerald of Edmonton was seventh, not a bad showing considering the men he was up against. In the middle distances no one can touch the British runners.

McInnis and Brown are both doing well at Bisleigh. If the former keeps up in his shooting for the King's Prize at the rate at which he has started, the trophy may yet travel to the Canadian West. At 600 yards Brown led the Canadian scoring with 36.

With the Investor.

(Continued from page 3)

spect satisfactory," said Mr. Morse, "and while a specific date for the opening cannot be fixed we will be in a position to handle our share of the crop."

Messrs Foley, Lock and Larson of Winnipeg, wholesale confectioners, are making arrangements to open a branch in Edmonton.

ALBERTA'S GRAIN YIELD DOUBLED.

The Alberta department of agriculture has issued a crop estimate during the past week which will open people's eyes:

In spring and winter wheat the estimated yield is almost doubled. In 1907 the crop area in spring wheat was 12,984 acres, the total yield 2,349,707 bushels, and the average yield per acre 18.90 bushels. For 1908 it is estimated that the crop area is 193,731 acres, the total yield 4,262,082 bushels, and the average yield per acre 22 bushels.

Last year winter wheat showed a crop of 81,652 acres, a total yield of 1,884,921 bushels, and an average yield per acre 23.08 bushels. In 1907 the year estimate shows a crop area of 95,000 acres, a total yield of 2,305,000 bushels, and an average yield per acre 24.26 bushels. A remarkable increase is also shown in the oat prospects. In 1907 304,288 acres were sown to oats, giving a total yield of 9,168,036 bushels, and an average yield per acre of 30.14 bushels. In 1908, 424,925 acres are estimated to be sown, giving a total of 14,226,997, and an average yield per acre of 33.50 bushels.

The barley yield is estimated to be more than doubled this year in comparison with that of 1907. In 1907 the crop area of barley was 54,191 acres, the yield 1,072,96 bushels and the average yield per acre 19.79 bushels. In 1908 the estimated crop is 87,624 acres, the yield 2,351,967 bushels, and the average yield per acre 26.71 bushels.

Rye shows an estimated crop area of 15,156 acres, compared with 65,000 in 1907. The yield will probably be 99,137 bushels, compared with 10,015 bushels last year. The average yield per acre is practically the same, this year's being 19.70.

The increase in flax is significant. Last year 4,977 bushels were sown and yielded 49,977 bushels, with an average yield per acre of 7.71 bushels. This year the average is estimated to be 12,293 acres, the total yield 153,662 bushels and the average yield per acre 12.50 bushels.

Speilz this year is sown to the extent of 1,009 acres compared with 151 acres last year. The yield will probably be 28,861 bushels, compared with 3,325 in 1907, and the average yield per acre 27 bushels in comparison with 21.5 bushels in 1907.

The sinking of a shaft on the property of the Twin City Coal Co., between the E. Y. and P. track and the road up to Strathcona from Edmonton has been begun and it is expected that the shipping of coal will commence by Oct. 1st. The promoter of the enterprise is Mr. J. R. Brenton. Most of the capital has been raised in Toronto and a Scotch miner of long experience, Mr. John T. Stirling, is mine manager. Mr. Brenton estimates that the company will expend \$100,000 between now and the October 1st. Of this amount \$40,000 will be spent in development work and \$60,000 for the plant. He estimates that when started the mine there will be a pay roll of fifty men.

A despatch from Battleford reads: "Dr. Springle has just returned from a trip to Ottawa as a delegate of the Board of Trade of North Battleford with respect to railroad extension in this district. Being interviewed by your correspondent, he stated that work on the projected line from Prince Albert to North Battleford will be begun at once, his view to completion at the earliest possible date. A telegram from A. Champagne, M.P.P., states that McKenzie, Mann and Co. have undertaken to begin work within a few weeks on their line from North Battleford to Athabasca Landing and the coast. North Battleford is thus established not only as an important junction point on the main line of the Canadian Northern railway, but also on the proposed line to Hudson Bay."

Work has been commenced on the \$400,000 business block next to the old site of the old Dominion Hotel. Second on the site which was excavated some time ago for the addition to the Windsor. The building will have a depth of 150 and a frontage of 63 feet. R. Percy Barnes is the architect.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

BORN.
Blackburn—At 715 Fourteenth street on Monday, July 20, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Blackburn, a son.

MARRIED.
Lodgard—Taylor—At All Saints' Church, by Rev. Archdeacon Gray on July 28, Edward Lodgard of Edmonton, formerly of Marfield, Yorkshire, England, to Letitia Taylor, of Cheshunt, Herefordshire, England.

Lambert—Pomerleau—At St. Joachim's church, Edmonton, by Rev. Father Naessens, L. J. A. Lambert to Luma, daughter of J. W. Pomerleau, proprietor of the Richlieu Hotel.

DIED.
Aldridge—At Edmonton, on Saturday, July 18, Mary Gertrude Aldridge wife of H. Aldridge, in her 29th year.

Oriental Trading Company

BARGAIN REMOVAL SALE

Colored Grass Linen, Drawn Wool, Pongee Silk, Chiffon, Blouse Lengths, Cotton Crepes, Baskets, &c., &c., at bargain prices.

25 PER CENT. OFF ALL CHINA.

Everything greatly reduced

215 Jasper Avenue W.

(NEXT DOOR TO OPERA HOUSE)

OUR ICE CREAM

Touche the right spot this hot weather.

Hamilton's Ice Cream Parlors 405 NAMAYO

FACT EIGHT

DURING the past year several of the Imperial Life's first deferred dividend policies have matured and in each instance the policyholder has expressed much satisfaction with the amount of surplus realized. As evidence of appreciation further insurance has been sought in The Imperial by many holders of such policies.

C. D. ROGERS, Dist. Manager Archibald Bldg., Edmonton

Potter & McDougall CITY TRANTER CO.

Package transferred to any part of the city. House and Poultry Supplies. Phone 1511

Berlin Wools

Holding's Art Silks Stamping done daily
Blanks for Wood Burning
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DOMINION Theatre

OOR, THIRD ST. and JASPER

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TO-NIGHT

Last time of Robert Louis Stevenson's great psychological drama

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Three Nights

STARTING MONDAY, JULY 27th

JEANNE RUSSELL and her excellent company in

"The Senator's Daughter"

Never-Change Prices

25c. & 35c., Box Seats 50c. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY 10c. & 25c.

The Greatest Sale of the Season

Everything to go below cost.

Large stock and excellent assortment of Trimmed Hats to choose from.

MRS. FERRIER

The Toronto Millinery Store

143 Jasper Avenue West

Next door East of Hudson's Bay Stores



Electrolysis

For Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Etc.; removed permanently; satisfaction assured. If not satisfied with our complexion try Madame Raymond's Face Medie for all blemishes of the skin, also Face Massage which makes the face plump and round. I have a full line of cosmetics which I can show you, also wish to satisfy and show ladies what I can do. My preparations and treatments are fully described in Booklet "C." Send for it.

Madame Raymond

PHONE 1478 723 FOURTH ST.

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour Handled by all grocers and flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed.

Campbell & Ottewell EDMONTON, ALTA.

NEWS NOTES

The tercentenary postage stamps are now on sale. The set is made up of eight stamps and the cost of a set is only 61 cents. The half cent is a dark brown and has the likeness of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The one cent, which is green, shows the pictures of Cartier and Champlain. The two cent, of the same shade as the regular two cent stamp, has cuts of the king and queen. The other stamps have views that are of great historical interest, the five cent showing the old block house at Quebec, the seven cent Wolfe and Montcalm, the ten cent, which is a mauve, shows Quebec as it was in 1700. The fifteen cent is a reddish brown and the twenty cent a sepia. The former has a view of the landing of the early discoverers while the latter has river scenes with three ships sailing up the St. Lawrence in 1535.

The Grand Domain of Alberta was organized by the Knights of Pythias at Calgary this week with these officers: Grand Chancellor, H. M. Vincent, Calgary; Vice-grand Chancellor, C. W. McInnes, Edmonton; Grand K. of R. and S., Dr. C. H. Stapleford, Sedgwick; Grand prelate, Miles McInnes, Vegreville; Grand Master of Ex. P. J. Green, Calgary; Grand master at arms, T. Leysion, Coleman; grand inner guard, W. A. Irwin, Edmonton; grand outer guard, W. C. Walford, Edmonton; grand trustees, F. J. Bradley, Calgary; Captain Thomas, Camrose; and K. T. Walton, Medicine Hat. C. F. McInnes, of Lethbridge, and R. Hockley, Edmonton, were elected representatives to the meeting of the supreme lodge in Boston, August 4, with J. G. Tipton, Strathcona, and A. J. McLeod, Calgary, as alternatives. It was decided to go ahead with the establishment of a Pythian Home for which these officers were chosen: President, J. G. Tipton, Strathcona; vice-president, J. Woodward, Calgary; secretary, W. G. Walford, Edmonton; treasurer, J. Green, Calgary; Directors, S. J. Clark, Calgary, 5 years; J. Brown, Sedgwick, 4 years; J. C. F. Brown, Edmonton, 3 years; Rev. James Fincher Creek, 2 years; J. H. Tweedie, Wetaskiwin, 1 year. The association will take up the question of ways and means during the year and report at the next meeting of grand lodge, which will be held in Edmonton in July, 1909.

The Raymond Kustler presents some figures showing the growth of the sugar industry in that part of Alberta. The output in 1906 was 4,673,200 pounds and on July 16, 1907, there remained of this output just exactly 2,700,000 pounds. The output in 1907 was 4,292,000 pounds. Today the factory is able to boast that the complete output of last year and the big balance left over from 1906 are sold. In other words since last October, a period of about eight months, the factory has disposed of a most 7,000,000 pounds of sugar. At the present time the company has orders for ten cars which it is unable to fill.

The application of the Law society to have the name of Jos Hicks struck off the roll was taken up on Tuesday at Calgary by the court on banc. Owing to Hicks not being present the case was laid over until Friday. The cause for the action was the complaint of Mr. Wales, of the Macleod district, who is leaving for a trip to the Old Country, left some property in the hands of Hicks to sell. Wales claimed that the property was worth \$1,800, while he states that all that was turned over to him was \$900.

The Gleichen Call of last week stated that Rev. Father J. A. Oullette, A. W. Osgood, D. D. Chakiet, and Louis Rouleau, of Montreal, Quebec, spent Monday and Tuesday looking over the land and crops of that vicinity and decided to take up a township of land—36 sections or 23,000 acres, on which they will settle a colony of French Canadian farmers from Quebec. The township is 12 mile north east of Gleichen.

Mr. J. S. Jackson, late of Strathcona Hotel, has been appointed manager of the Windsor, Edmonton.

R. J. Manson is the successful tenderer for the Edmonton Court House excavations, foundations and stone work, the price being \$165,000. According to the plans and specifications of the new building, the basement storey will be faced with granite with underpinning course in four sides. Calgary sandstone will be used for all elevations. A horizontal night of granite steps will lead up to each of the two entrances, and at the top of the steps there will be six imposing columns, three feet in diameter and 28 feet high. The entrances will have moulded stone architraves and panelled bronze doors. The rotunda is to be of rectangular shape with ornamental marble supporting plaster columns and pilasters. It will probably be two years before the building is completed.

On Friday evening last the sash and door factory of R. B. Bisset, Strathcona, situated in front of the new Collegiate Institute, was completely destroyed by fire. The loss

was \$25,000, no insurance being carried.

M. S. Tharlaskson, 446 Isabella street, Edmonton, was taken with a cramp while swimming in the Sturgeon river at St. Albert on Friday evening last and was drowned.

When R. B. Owen, of Edmonton, provincial sanitary inspector for Alberta, was here a few days ago he informed the civic officers that Lethbridge and other places in the province would be ordered to install a septic tank for the sewerage by next March and to have a sewerage filter installed by March of 1901. The order has been issued by the provincial board of health and is now awaiting the assent of the lieutenant governor to go into full effect.—Lethbridge Herald.

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

be made with private capitalists except for a longer term of years, and it is evident that they are merely taking advantage of the present financial situation to ask for terms, which are not as favorable as the city has a right to expect under ordinary circumstances. That such a line as the Mayor projects, with its interurban features, will pay from the first we have every confidence. It is only in a large city that purely city traffic is remunerative, but where two municipalities are joined by a tramway, even though they have not half the population of Edmonton and Strathcona, or are not under half the necessity of being in touch with one another, it is bound to be well enough patronized to make it yield handsome returns. A purely urban line carries only passengers but one of the great advantages of an interurban is its freight service.

Last Friday evening the Edmonton council confirmed in the posts as commissioners to which they had been temporarily appointed, Messrs A. Butcher, and P. McNaughton. Both gentlemen have the advantage of a considerable length of residence in the city, during which they have won a large measure of confidence on the part of those with whom they have had business relations, and of many opportunities of becoming acquainted with its needs. The period on which they have been on trial evidently proved satisfactory to the councillors and it is to be hoped that the latter's judgment will be vindicated. In any case they should be given a half-decent chance to show what they can do. In the past there has been altogether too much interference with the details of the city's work on the part of the councillors, few of whom have understood thoroughly the theory underlying the system of government, provided by our charter. It was decided to abolish the titles of finance and public works commissioners and have each become thoroughly acquainted with all the work of the city. We cannot see how this will help to make for efficient administration. A man who has very special qualifications as a financier is likely to have none whatever as a judge of construction work.

The city will be called upon, it seems, to make up the full \$5000 guarantee for the exhibition. This is a lot of money. Was it worth while spending it on such an exhibition as we had this year? Of the value of an annual fair there is no question, so long as it affords an adequate display of the resources of the city and district. But we should see to it that our exhibition does this, if we are to continue to give it the financial support that it has obtained in the past.

Ald. Moodie of Calgary claims that the waif, offered \$1000 to support a certain paving tender. Several libel actions have been entered following his declaration, which others besides Calgary citizens should watch carefully. The suspicion that corruption enters into different municipal deals has arisen from time to time all over the country, but it has always been difficult to prove anything. For this reason it is to be hoped that when a definite accusation has been made, as in Calgary, the fullest light will be thrown on the transaction, and that, if the charge is well-founded, an example should be made of the offenders which will have a salutary effect elsewhere.

Edmonton was delighted to welcome the members of the Editorial

Association of, Minnesota and the Board of Trade of the capital city as well as that of Vegreville did themselves proud in the receptions which were arranged for the visitors. That the latter, who included some very bright men and several of real eminence in their state, carried away excellent impressions there is no doubt. But they didn't see what is making Alberta a great and populous province. The country along the railway lines doesn't give an adequate idea of the fertility of our soil and while our towns and cities are worthy of our pride, they are but an indirect evidence of the wealth of our heritage and of the opportunities which we have to offer to the ambitious men and women of other parts of the world. A newspaper man who wants to size up a country must not travel through it at the rate at which our Minnesota friends did and the publicity that counts is that which we secure from the work of a few picked men, such as the parties that have been brought through by the Western Canadian Immigration Association, the railways and the government in the past two or three years, recruited from the workers on the larger newspapers of the United States and Britain.

"Mack" in Toronto Saturday Night very frequently says striking things. But the following is particularly good and inasmuch as it carries out some ideas that were given expression to on this page a week ago is well worth reproducing in full.

"The functions of government," he tells us, "are undergoing revolutionary change. Consider that aeroplane of Alexander Graham Bell's, it is but the pioneer of a fleet soon to be coursing the air. Other inventors are making flights in the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy. Should these men succeed, can anyone suppose that the world will remain unchanged? Mr. Bell says that he expects very soon to see mail-carrying across the Atlantic done by airships. A sensational writer in one of the magazines predicts that within a few years customs tariffs will be made absurd by aerial smuggling which will begin with diamonds, opium and other compact valuables, and grow in dimensions as air travel becomes safer and stronger. Tariff officers could not well patrol the sky. Aside from these speculations it is at least pretty certain, that dirigible balloons or airships proper, are about to become so serviceable in war as to render fleets and coast fortifications of little value. Gibraltar will no longer be the key to anything, nor will the English Channel signify as a barrier to invasion. Should these changes come, what are the nations of the world going to do about it? However, for the present let us dismiss all these things as not imminent.

"In past times one nation had little use for another except to use it as an enemy. It was a country to invade and loot. Its merchandise was to be pirated. Its cities were to be sacked and its people made the theatre of wars where great soldiers could acquire renown. Already all this has been changed, and each country has a use for every other country. We trade, necessities and luxuries, and any war between two nations, however obscure, jars the whole business of the world.

"A train wrecked in Mexico imposes loss on citizens of London, Paris, Berlin, New York and Toronto.

"A fire in San Francisco causes insurance companies in two hemispheres to go into liquidation.

"In blasting rocks in the wilderness six hundred miles north of Toronto a charge of dynamite exploded prematurely a fortnight ago and today there are women crying in humble homes in England, Italy, and Norway.

"The fact is, that while we do not as yet realize it, there are no nations any more. In the old sense, but a close-knit world—with a world-wide public opinion which no authority can long defy, with instantaneous news intelligence, rapid transit, and a network of inextricably interwoven interests. We keep up the old forms, but we do not as yet perceive how little they have come to mean. At the present moment, while we are reading these lines, things are going forward in various parts of the world. At this moment in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, men are bending over crucibles and retorts—they have their heads together over experiments; they are watching the effects of chemical operations, noting the result of infection on guinea pigs, and if you were to listen you would hear them express their satisfaction in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, yes, even in Japanese, as they result useful in the saving of human life. In a word, we have leaped from the age of Drake and Van Tromp to the age of Koch and Pasteur. Without pausing to consider it we have travelled from the age of the clan to a wide cosmopolitanism. The time has come when we are to be citizens of the world."

"Edmonton is a city of Surprises"

The expression is a commonplace one. Every visitor to the Capital of Alberta uses it. The other day it came to the lips of a prominent eastern newspaper man who was passing through.

"But," he added "there is nothing that has surprised me so much as to find in existence here a paper like the Saturday News. Why, its appearance alone is equal to that of any journal in the country and there are only one or two that are even its equals. I should think that, turning out such a paper as this, each week, you would be swamped with printing orders, for people must recognise that an office that publishes a paper like the Saturday News can do printing that must satisfy anybody."

This is exactly the conclusion which scores of people in Edmonton and throughout the province long since came to. They have sent their work to us and the satisfaction which we have given them has been our best advertisement.

Now, throughout a wide stretch of country, this office is recognized as

The Home of Fine Printing

When you wish job printing that will do you credit call up

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE 1961

and our representative will call upon you. Or, if you prefer, drop in yourself at

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(DIRECTLY BEHIND THE BANK OF MONTREAL)

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822 First Street - (Reed & Hines)
Meals at all hours
Rooms in connection. Moderate
Prices. First Class Service.

Problem of the Red Rose

Jacques Futrell, in the New York Tribune.

Through the open windows of a pleasantly sunny little sitting room a lazy breath of early summer drifted in and gently stirred the wayward hair of a girl who leaned forward over a small writing desk with her head resting upon one white arm, and her face hidden. Her attitude was one of utter collapse, complete abandonment, physical suffering; yet there was no movement of the slender, graceful body, nothing to indicate even a passing interest in her surroundings—just this silent, motionless figure, alone, one arm, the left, swung down listlessly at her side, and in that hand she held a single red rose, a splendid, full blown crimson blossom. The thorny stem touched the floor, and the leaves swayed rhythmically, playthings of the caressing breeze. On the green stem, just below the girl's tightly clenched fist, was a single stain—a drop of blood—as if the thorn had pierced the delicate flesh. On the desk, from which dainty writing trinkets had been hastily tucked, was a florist's box, open. It was from this box evidently that the red rose had been taken. The wax paper which had been wrapped round the flower was torn.

A Dresden clock on the mantel whirled faintly and chimed the hour of five; but the girl gave not the slightest indication of having heard. And then after a moment a door opened, and a maid appeared. She paused as her eyes fell upon the figure of the young woman, made as if to speak, then instead she withdrew, leaving the door slightly open. She did not seem surprised that no notice was taken of her. A dozen times she had found her young mistress thus, and it was always after the box had come from the florist's with the single red rose. She sighed a little as she went out.

The hands of the clock crept around the dial slowly, to five minutes past the hour, then to ten, and finally to fifteen. Then there came a scuffling of soft feet along the floor, and a small white dog, which thrust his head in at the door inquisitively. Helter-skelter he came tumbling in, and planted two soiled fore feet on the girl's lap as he leaped toward the caress which was always ready for him. Now it didn't come. He backed away and regarded her thoughtfully. It must be some new sort of game, he was playing. He crouched on the floor, and barked playfully; but she didn't look round.

Evidently this was not what was expected of him. He scampered back and forth across the room twice, then returned to the motionless figure and placed his feet in her lap again. She wouldn't look. He barked, whined, then he then off the wind round the room again. He stopped on her left side this time—the side where the arm swung down—and the hand clutching at the rose. His moist tongue caressed the closed hand, and sniffed at it instantly. Suddenly he seemed dazed, and recoiled uncertainly as if from an unexpected blow. He whined again, as if choking; there was a rattle in his shaggy throat; and then became a violent whirling, twisting, which he continued till he fell. After a while he lay still with all four feet turned upward and glazed staring eyes. And yet the girl hadn't moved.

The hands of the clock crept on. At five minutes past six o'clock the maid appeared at the door again, paused for a moment, then ventured in. "Will you dress for dinner, miss?" she inquired.

"It's nearly six o'clock, ma'am," said the maid.

Still there was no answer.

The maid approached her young mistress, and touched her lightly on the shoulder. "You'll be late, unless—she began.

And then something about the unresisting, impassive figure frightened her; she shook the girl sharply and called her name many times. Finally, with an effort, she raised the shapely head. When she saw it and the upturned face wrung scream after scream from her lips, now suddenly aghast, and turning she staggered toward the door with an unutterable horror in her widely distended eyes. She clutched at the door frame to steady herself, screamed again, and fell forward, fainting. There they found her, Miss Edna Burdock dead with hideously distorted face—a face upon which was written some awful agony—and the red rose still clamped in her hand that the thorns had pierced the palm; her little dog Tatters dead beside her; and the maid, Goodwin, unconscious. For half an hour they served a water over the maid; but when at last she opened her eyes she only screamed and babbled incoherently. There was no mark on Miss Burdock's body save the prick of thorns in her left hand—nothing that would indicate the manner of death; nor was there the slightest thing to explain the death of the dog.

"The police are not at all certain that Miss Burdock's death was due to anything more serious than heart failure," Hutchinson Hatch, the reporter, was explaining. "In that event, of course," interrupted Professor Augustus S. F. X.

Van Dusen—"The Thinking Machine" "crabber" they must be that the pet dog died at the same time of the same disease?"

"That seems to be about the way they look at it, although there are several curious features," the reporter went on: "for instance, the expression on her face." He shuddered a little. "I saw her. It was awful. The dog, too. There was not a mark or scratch on the dog—not even the prick of a thorn like that in the girl's palm, therefore heart failure seems to be the only thing that will cover the case unless—"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the irritable little scientist. "Persons who do not have heart failure don't suffer in their faces, and little dogs don't have heart failure. What did the autopsy show?"

"Nothing illuminating," responded the reporter. "There was no trace of poison in Miss Burdock's system; a blood test showed her blood to be about normal, and yet she was dead. There was a peculiar constriction of the heart, and the same thing was true of the dog. The medical examiner's report was no more—they were just dead."

"When did this happen, Mr. Hatch?"

"Yesterday afternoon, Monday."

"You tell me the maid found the body. Has she said anything about noticing any odor when she entered the room?"

"Not a word; but there are curious things."

"In a minute, Mr. Hatch," interrupted the Thinking Machine impatiently. "Were the windows open?"

"Yes," replied the reporter. "She was sitting at her desk, between two open windows."

The man of science dropped back in his chair, and for a long time he gazed at the perpetually squinting eyes turned upward, and slender white fingers pressed tip to lip. Hatch lit a cigarette, smoked it, and threw the butt away before he spoke.

"There are peaches in the market, Mr. Hatch," said the scientist at last. "When you go out, buy one, take it to the maid, and ask her to smell it. Ask her if she noticed yesterday any odor similar to that when she entered the room and was near the girl's body."

Hatch absorbed the instructions wonderingly, then ventured a remark. "I presume you are thinking of the poison isn't there a chance that despite the normal condition of her blood some sort of poison was introduced into her system at the time that the thorns of the rose might have been poisoned for instance?"

"You say there was no scratch or thorn prick on the dog," asked the Thinking Machine in answer. "No mark of any sort."

"And the dog is dead. That answers your question, Mr. Hatch."

"There is no mystery about that at all," said the scientist. "Poison on the thorns could not have killed both of them, because only the woman's hand showed the marks!" Hatch asked.

"Presumably," was the reply. "Unless we allow for coincidence, and that has never been reduced to a scientific law, we must say that both the woman and the dog died of the same cause. When we know that, we prove that the thorn prick had nothing to do with the woman's death. Two and two make four, Mr. Hatch, not sometimes but all the time. And so what have we left?"

"I don't see that we have anything left," remarked Hatch frankly. "There is no outward cause, how can we—"

"The mere fact that there is no apparent cause, or outward cause, as you term it, makes the manner of death of both the woman and the dog perfectly plain," declared the Thinking Machine belligerently. "There is no mystery about that at all—it's obvious. Our problem is not what killed her, but who killed her?"

"Yes that seems quite clear," the reporter admitted.

Minute after minute passed while the scientist sat staring upward. Finally he lowered his eyes to the face of the newspaper man.

"Where did this red rose come from?" he demanded.

"I was going to tell you about that," responded Hatch. "It came from a florist's. The police are investigating it now. It seems, according to a statement of the manager of the shop, that on June 16 he received a special delivery letter from Washington with only a typewritten, unsigned slip of paper enclosed. This directed that one dozen roses be sent to Miss Burdock, one at a time on specified days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. They accepted the order—there was no way to return the money anyway—and so—"

He paused to gaze curiously into the eyes of the Thinking Machine. They were drawn down to mere silts of watery blue, and some of the straight line of the lips.

"Well, well," grumbled the scientist. "Go on!"

"As a rule the long box with the

one rose was delivered at the house by one of the wagons of the company," the reporter continued, "but some days when the wagon was not going in that direction the box was sent by a messenger boy. This last rose went to her by messenger."

"And have all the roses been sent?"

"So the manager says."

"And where is the red rose—the one she had in her hand when found?"

"Detective Mallory has it in charge, I suppose," he explained. "Miss Burdock was killed by poison on the thorns; so he stripped them off, and sent them to a chemist to see if any trace of poison could be found. I presume he kept the flower and the box it came in."

"That's just like Mallory," commented the scientist testily. "Whenever the police want to keep a cat's teeth from falling out they cut off its tail. Now tell me something about Miss Burdock herself. Who was she? What was she? Where were her circumstances?" He settled back in his chair for a categorical answer.

"She was the only daughter of Plympton Burdock, a man who is not wealthy, but who is well to do," answered Hatch. "She lived at home with her father, her mother, and younger brother, a chap about eighteen or nineteen years old. She was something of a social favorite, although not yet quite twenty-one, and went about a good deal, so—"

"So naturally met a great many men, some of whom admired her." The Thinking Machine finished for him. "Now who are the men? Tell me about her love affairs?"

"It hasn't appeared yet that there was a love affair, in the sense you mean. At least, if there was no one knew of her love affairs."

"Doesn't the maid Goodwin know?" insisted the scientist.

"She says she doesn't."

"But somebody sent the rose, the more fact she received the one rose a dozen times indicates that some one was interested in her. Therefore, who was it. Who?"

"That's what the police are trying to find out now."

The Thinking Machine rose suddenly, picked up his hat, and planned it aggressively on his enormous nose. "I'm going to see the florist's," he said. "You must get the peach and see the maid Goodwin. Meet me at the police headquarters in an hour or ten minutes for the Thinking Machine to reach the florist's shop, and in five minutes the manager was at liberty."

"All right, to know," the scientist explained, "is the day the first rose of that dozen to Miss Burdock, and I should like to see your copy of the delivery. That is, when a package is delivered either by your wagon or by messenger you get a receipt for it? Yes, I should like to see those, please."

The manager obligingly consulted his records. "The letter with the enclosure was received on June 16," he explained as he ran his finger down the book. "It was delivered in the morning mail, June 16 was Monday; therefore the first rose of the dozen was sent that afternoon, Monday."

"Are you absolutely certain of that?" demanded the Thinking Machine. "A person's life may depend on that record."

The manager stared at him in frank astonishment. "Then, yes, I can make sure," he said. He went to his cabinet and took out another book—a delivery receipt book, and hunted for the leaves through his fingers.

At last he laid it before the Thinking Machine, and indicated an entry with his finger. "There it is," he said. "Monday, June 16, at five-thirty in the afternoon, the book was signed by Edna Burdock in person. See?"

The Thinking Machine squinted down at the entry for a minute or more in silence. "From that date forward one rose was sent every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, without a break, until the dozen roses were delivered?" he asked at last.

"Yes; that was the direction. Run through the book on the dates it should have been sent and see, if you like."

The scientist headed the suggestion, and for ten minutes or so was engrossed in the record. "These slips," he inquired, as he looked up, "find three of them." "There were occasions when we didn't happen to have a wagon going in that direction," the manager explained; "but they were supplied by messenger. Each messenger took a receipt and returned it here. In that way those receipts became a part of the record."

The Thinking Machine scrutinized the slips carefully, made a note of the dates on them, then closed the record book. "That seemed to be all right," five minutes later Plympton Burdock, father of the dead girl, received a card from a servant, glanced at it, nodded, and the Thinking Machine was ushered in.

"I should not have disturbed you, believe me, if the necessity for it had not been pressing in the interest of justice," the scientist apologized. "Just one or two questions, please."

Burdock regarded the little man curiously, and motioned to a seat.

"First, the Thinking Machine, was married at the time of her death?"

"No," replied Burdock.

"She did receive attentions, however," he said.

"Certainly. All girls of her age do. Really, Mr.—Mr., and I glanced at the card—"Mr. Van Dusen, this matter is entirely new to me. I believe my wife and I, that death was due to natural causes, and have so informed the police. I hope it may go no further."

The Thinking Machine looked at him sharply with some strange expression in his squint eyes. "The investigation won't stop now, Mr. Burdock," said coldly. "I don't know your object in seeking to stop it."

"I don't want to stop it," declared Burdock quickly. "We are convinced that no good can come of an investigation, because there is no ground for suspicion, and certainly it is not pleasant to have one's family affairs constantly pawed over when it is a foregone conclusion that nothing will result except unpleasant notoriety, which merely adds to the burden that we now have to bear."

The Thinking Machine understood and nodded. It was almost an apology. "Well, just one more question, please," he said. "What is the name of the man whose attentions to your daughter you in person forbade?"

"How do you know of that?" blazed Burdock quickly.

"What is his name?" repeated the Thinking Machine.

"I will not discuss the matter further with you," was the reply. "In the interests of justice I demand his name!" The Thinking Machine insisted. Burdock stared at the slight figure before him with growing uneasiness. "You don't mean to say that you suspect—"

He stopped. "My God! I thought that, I'd how was she killed, if she had a lover?"

"His name please," urged the Thinking Machine. "If you don't give it to me, you will place me under the necessity of asking the police to compel you to give it."

Burdock seemed not to heed the speech. His face had gone perfectly white, and he stood staring into the scientist's eyes. His hands were clenched tightly, and the fingers were working. "If he did! If he did!" he repeated over and over. "I'm going to recover myself and glared down at his visitor. "I beg your pardon, he said simply. "His name is—"

"Of this city," said the Thinking Machine. It was not a question, it was a statement of fact.

"Of this city," repeated Burdock at least formerly of this city. He left her, I am informed, four or five weeks ago."

(To be continued.)

The Antique who Switched Too Late.

Once upon a time the Father Superior of an old, respected House was approached by a Shameless Vendor of publicity. The approach was uneventful for the shameless one had been bidden actually bidden, after fifty-seven vain attempts to break it.

When the man of ideas had gained the Cardinal the Great Presence swung round and handed him these words:

"This business has been in existence for One Hundred and Fourteen years. It has been passed along from Father to Son without rubbing off any of its Traditions, Prestige, Respectability."

"Never in all these years has it been the recognition of the Riffraff and Rabble of humanity by means of Vulgar Advertising. The Merits of its products and the Reputation of those who have outlived its notoriety have served to keep it in the Limelight, as the slangy Public Prints are wont to put merit, and hold the trade of the dozens of people to whom it has always catered."

"But conditions have changed. Our kinds of people are deserting us for these latter-day Upstarts who inier at Prestige, trample on Traditions, cut prices and flaunt their wares in the magazines, in the newspapers, and on the billboards. We are losing Money and have been losing it for ten years. There is but one thing to do and that is pocket our Pride and advertise. The thought grieves me, but the business must be saved."

The Shameless One, who had been calling himself the Goods and thinking up in the hundreds of thousands came down to earth like a spent Balloon.

"My dear, but venerable vegetable," he said, "I have been trying for five years to butt in here and outlive the Awful Joke that was waiting for you, even as you have described it, but you had me down as a Lemon distributor and I never got by the boy who likes stunts."

Prestige and Traditions are life savers for retired Steel Magnates who have frisked the public for all it will stand, but in the business they are a Pipe. It's nice to have people step softly and Salute whenever your name is mentioned, but sox Pink Tea stunts never yet coaxed any livings to the surface.

"Your trouble is that you have been living in the Past. Your kind of people have been out of Print so long that there ought to be a Pre-

mium on you. You try to do business in the Nebulae, and you land in the Mulliganawney."

"I see your mistake," said the Main One, "and am resigned to the inevitable. We must reach the people with announcements—something neat and refined and in harmony with our Dignified and Conservative Methods."

"The pardon comes too late. I'm glad your long nap has refreshed you, but you're oversteer. In other words, you're on the Toboggan, and it's just one half of Forty-six for yours."

"Meaning—"

"Just this, that your wires are crost; that you've called a Doctor when you need an undertaker. There was a time when advertising would have swung you clear but now you've past the Switch."

"If you flirt with Publicity at this late day, you simply make it necessary for a few more Creditors to attend the Obsequies. You don't need to order the Crepe yet; the end won't be sudden. Businesses like yours Wobble along after Life is Extinct."

MORAL:
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